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A

PIG in a POKE:

O R,

A Word or two in *Nebulis*,
By way of SPECIMEN.

To the Worshipfull the Company of
Patrons and their *Clients*; whether *Poets*,
Criticks, *Translators*, *Compilers*, or *Digestors*:
With the *Translation* of Two Curious
EPITAPHS, on two Famous Modern *Poets*,
lately Deceased; design'd to be fix'd up
together in W—A—.

By CENSORINUS NOVATUS. *ℓ*

The First Edition.

—— *Laus & Vituperium* —— Lilly.

Iustum & Tenacem propositi Virum

Non Civium ardor Prava iubentium

Non vultus instantis Tyranni

Mente quatit Solida —— Horace.

L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by A. SMITH, at the *Royal-Exchange*, and by the Booksellers and Pamphlet Shops
of London and Westminster. 1730. [Price 6d.]

PIG in a POKER

OR

A Word or two in explanation

By way of SPECIMEN.

To the Worshipful the Company of
Patrons and their Officers; whether Poets,
Critics, Translators, Commentators, or otherwise:
With the view of Two Curious
Epigrams, some Modern Poets,
being Decided to be laid up



By CONSIDERABLE NOVELTY.

Of the Edition.

— First of the Edition —

Julius C. Tarnan, Esq. of the
Not known order of the
Not known order of the
Not known order of the


Not known order of the

LONDON

Printed: And Sold by A. SMITH at the Royal Ex-
change and by the Booksellers and Stationers
of London and Westminster. 1750. First Edition.



To my COUNTRY—

 O thee, O Country, I Dedicate the Following; and as a Poor and Disregarded Son of thine, commit this little Book into thy Care and Protection; accept it willingly, for I give it thee with all the Resignation of Soul and Conscience: Far be it from me to keep any Thing latent or hid from thee, which carries in itself the least Prospect or Shadow of Advantage, in respect of thee. Could I be a true Son of thine, without demonstrating why I term'd my self so? Could I be called thy Advocate, and silently let pass unprov'd, ten thousand Enormities which corrupt thy Land? Could I be stiled thy Soldier, or a Weapon in thy Defence, when an Host of pernicious Follies, like an Inundation, bear down thy Cities and Towns — ? Oh, my Country, thou art strangely fallen, and it must be a mighty Arm that can again up-lift thee! I don't pretend to this Heroick Act, and Stupendous Exploit, for my Strength is wanting, and Courage defective: However, I'll show how willing I am for thy Service, and herein give a Specimen how I am ordain'd for it; if I miss in my Efforts, impute my Miscarriage to the Impetuosity of my Youth, and Rashness: Let every Coxcomb, where-ever distinguish'd in thy Metropolis, Triumph then at my Insuccess; let every fashionable Fool and Blockhead, who in his own Eyes would appear Learned, Grave, and the best Example to others, plague thy People with their Dog-

To my COUNTRY, &c.

grell and bastard Productions; let Pantomines, Tumblers, Rope-Dancers, and Italian Gibberish, be the refined Gulto of thy ———; let Insincerity, Profaneness, and Immorality, with their curs'd Attendants, still want 'em ———; let Sloth, and Effeminate-ness, continue to enervate thy ——— let Pride ride triumphant in the Heart and outward Behaviour of thy dignified ——— let my ——— forget A ——— and the — his Spleen and Neglect ——— I wish not these Things, my glorious Country; for if I cannot assist thee, thou must still languish under thy Misfortunes; unless a — justly qualified to relieve thee, Offers his ingenuous Aid.

I shall forbear all manner of Encomiums (the constant Stile of Dedicators) either on thy Pedigree, or Name; begging thy Pardon for the Neglect I show thee in that important Article; I shall consider that another Time, when thou shall appear to my Eyes, and Understanding, in a better Prospect than at present; for I must tell thee, that I am the Man who speaks and animadverts on People and Things in the Light they represent themselves to me, whilst I am conversant with them. If thou, Oh, Country, was at any time before now remarkable, either for Courage, Liberty, or Faith; thou had (thence I conclude) Writers who impartially set the off in the beautiful Advantages which those god-like Qualities dispense: But as all Things are mutable, so it may be spoken with Truth, that a change is fallen on thy Earth. With this I shall Conclude, ever Thine,

CENSORINUS NOVATUS.



A



A Word or Two, by way of SPECIMEN.

TIS an Observation, and a very just one on — that the Regard shewn to Men of Learning there, is the smallest, and perhaps the worst plac'd; all other Countries, I'm told, where Letters are profess'd, pay a juster Esteem, and their Benevolence in this way, is the best rewarded in the meritorious Choice it makes. 'Tis with an akeing Heart I hear this cast on my Country, and that some Places, once below its least concern, should now have the Precedence, and out-rival it. This Observation came into my Head from the Perusal of the *Grubstreet Journal* of *October* the 8th last; where, in the the beginning of that Paper, is a hint of this Neglect and Disregard shewn to Men of Parts, in the Person of one (unnam'd) who had Dedicated several of his Pieces to Persons of the highest Quality and Figure, but had not receiv'd the least Encouragement from their Hands: I was concern'd at the mention of the Thing, for as I bear a great Deference to all Persons eminent in any degree of Literature,

so every one may be assur'd to have my good Word, and Recommendation.

There's another Observation further on — ; That as this Neglect or Disesteem to Learning is so visibly remarkable in my Countrymen, ev'n from the highest to the lowest of them, so as a foil to this distinguishing Qualification in an — there is no other Country more abounding than His with the several Professions of *Poet*, *Moralist*, *Compiler*, *Critick*, and *Translator*; all these different kinds of Learned Gentleman we have in swarms; we have Poets in every Garret in and about — for 10 Miles, some who earn a tolerable Subsistence at Thirteen Pence Half-Penny a Day, for writing *Odes on Buffoons and Pedlars*; others who can hardly purchase Five Meals a Week for humming Rhimes, to the Tune of *Robin-Hood*: We have *Moralists* who confound Reason and Sense together; who tell us that to be Good, we must pursue the very reverse of it, and relinquish Virtue; and yet these Gentlemen, who are no small Emolument to this *Metropolis*, and the good Edification of His Majesty's Subjects; are forced, thro' the too exceeding Bounty of their Patrons, to retreat often from their Tables for fear of overloading their Stomacks, and regale themselves, (what's more agreeable to their Notions and Capacities) in the Scenes of *Gray's-Inn Walks*, or the *Temple Gardens*. We have *Compilers*, Men of another Class, who are distinguish'd for their Accuracy and Talents in the nice Disposition of Contrarities, — into Books and Volumes, and giving the Town a *Sermon with a Discant on Pudding*, or a *Moral Essay with a Meditation over an House of Office, cum multis aliis*; with this specious Title; *Collectiones variae Operum multorum hominum eruditissimorum plurimum emendatae Et recensatae a labore Johani M — F. R. S.* And yet

to the Renown of — these publick Benefactors are seen in a Suit of *Rag-Fair*, and are constrained to content themselves, meerly to own their Obligations, with *Gray-Peas* and *Bacon*, and half a Pint of *Porter* for their Sundays Dinner. — We have *Criticks* of several Denominations and Titles, *Poetick*, *Divine*, and *Political*: The *Poetick Critick* sacrifices a whole Month to his Spleen and Ill-nature, in carping at *TO*, because it rhimes ro *SO*. The *Divine Critick* finds half a dozen *Errata's* in the 1st Chapter of the *Bible*, and not content to show his Sagacity only there, he falls foul on an *Heathen* Author, and resolving to do something at last, he spends a Twelve-Month about the difficulty of a Sentence, where the Sense is the most obvious and clear, — The *Political Critick*, under the shadow of Similitude, draws Parralels to infuse Doctrines of his Own; and is peevish at every Plan of Government that suits not his own Conceptions; and yet these Gentlemen, in their several Capacities, are often known by their furr Caps and mouldy Slippers. — We have last of all *Translators*, a set of Men so numerous, and so fruitful in their Labours, That not a Bookseller's Shop is expos'd between *Aldgate* and *Hyde-Park* Corner, but upon a moderate Computation, each has an hundred Weight of their dusty Productions to dispose off, at the meritorious Price of Two-Pence *per* Pound, — And yet these worthy Members of the Community, so justly worthy of our Consideration, are so far from being solicitous in their own Interests, that they had rather be Emblazon'd with their proper Arms, a *Meagre Countenance*, and 2d in their Pockets for a *Dish of Coffee* at Will's, than put any Lord to the unwelcome Labour of untying his Purse Strings, for the pittance of one Penny.

Thus stands it with — as to its *Writers, &c.* and to speak my Sentiments with that Impartiality which every disinterested Author ought; I must own, that this second Observation which People throw on —; is but too justly verified in every Particular before mentioned: I don't know what Times they were 700 Years ago; but this I can affirm, that for 30 Years past, the Town and Country have been, by turns, stupendously supply'd with these several great Benefactors, (I mean such in their way) to their no small Emolument and Advantage: What I've advanc'd I'm ready to prove; and were it requir'd, I would bring a living Testimony to every Article.

From what has been thus transiently observ'd, it will appear to the Reader, That a great disregard and neglect to Men professing Learning, is seen among us; else why such Multitudes in that way, and so very poor? On first Thought, this seem'd a Paradox; That so many hundreds of Writers, &c. should toil and beat their Brains, squander away Reams of Paper, and waste Gallons of Ink when not one Man out of an hundred Thousand of His Majesty's Leige Subjects will deign to advance 1 s. towards their Promotion. I will not pretend to determine this nice Point, let the Town be its Judges; I'll only ask one Question, and in a very modest way; Whether there are 10 Men throughout — who understand a good Piece? Or 10 Writers throughout — who can form or produce a Piece: This is a Point on which much Controversy might hang, and on which it might be justly said, That — either is a nursery of Dunces, aiming to be Wise, in spite of Nature or Parts; or that its — are resolv'd not to regard Learning, being as miraculously — as their Clients who address to them.

Again,

Again, it might be further said, That our several Writers, &c. are so eminent both in the good and bad way of Writing, that they had rather chuse the latter, as a foil or revenge on the tenacious Temper of the ——— intimating these Words; *Give me your Money, you shall have my Wit*; or, per contra ——— *for nothing, you shall have nothing* — that is, *I'll still keep up my Temper of Writing, Publish a great deal, but not one Page of Sense or Breeding throughout the whole* —

I would not have any one carry these Animadversions of mine into a Contest, to my Prejudice or Disadvantage for whatever Remarks I have or shall make in respect to Learning, and the disregard shown it, is purely to show how Things have been, and still are carry'd that way, without the least ill Will to any Man's Name or Character — Far be it from me to foment Disunion or Distrust in the Hearts of any of my fellow Countrymen.

Learning and its Proficients, who are truly such, shall always demand the Service of my Pen. Gratitude, and a kind Benevolence to Arts, shall above all temporal Concerns, require my Commendation; but the stupid Pretender to Wit and Sense, and the ignorant Benefactor to it, shall always justly call down the Virulency of my Pen and Ink upon his Head.

The Want of a good Genius and Pen, which could nicely distinguish between a good Writer and a bad One, how much the Excellencies of the first demand a Veneration from all, and how much the stupid Ignorance of the latter every Man's Abhorrence, has been, I'm afraid, no small Discouragement to that Channel of Wit and Humour, which otherwise would have adorn'd ———. Satires indeed have play'd their Parts for a-while, and an *Universal Passion* has taken upon itself to correct the Inadvertencies and
Foibles

Foibles of Mankind; but how far any of these have been of Use, the People can best judge.

The Degeneracy in the *Poetick*, as well as *Politick* Body of this Nation, I mean in the first, as to its general Corruption in the way of Thinking and Writing; and in the latter, as to its universal Disesteem of Arts and Learning, is at that Crisis, that a mild Medicament cannot heal the Wound; there must be a Virulency so temper'd and qualify'd, that the Marks of its Satire shall at one time receive Pain and Pleasure. These Persons who alone have it in their Power to encourage Merit and Good Sense, should, with a becoming Severity, be admonish'd in the Way how to judge of the Characteristick of a Man of Parts, and how to requite him for the Good he does Mankind. But the Pretender to Wit, and the false Imposer of it, should with all the Gall and Bitterness of just Revenge, be lash'd, that the World may no more be plagu'd with his Bassard Conceptions and scoundrel Productions.

Melancholly is the Reflection on the great Decay and want of Encouragement of Learning in this Land; but yet more perplexing and vexatious to us are the numerous Swarms of Poetick Scribblers, &c. who daily pester this City and Suburbs: Were the Number reduc'd, and they only countenanc'd who had Judgement to think nobly and write well, and were our ——— thoroughly convinc'd of the Preference and Usefulness of such Men, and a due Regard and Compensation had to their Labours; *What glorious Times might ——— see!* Books then would not be stuff'd with that gross Adulation and Partiality, which varnishes, and but too faintly sets off the *good Qualities* of their Patrons. My L—— would not then be stiled *A Lover of his Country, A Patron of Learning, and the Father of all Arts*, when the

the very Reverse was his Character. Another great Man would never have a *Dedication* above half the Length of the Volume, which he, out of his great Condescension and Favour, deigns to Patronize; full of his being the *Father of the Afflicted, the Delight of Mankind, the Pattern of Virtue, and of Christian Love*; when 'twas known that the direct Contraries were proper Characteristicks. Another great Man would never be call'd *the Brave, the Magnanimous, the Puissant, Generous and Valiant, fam'd in the Arts of War, profound in the Cabinet and Council, successful in his Negotiations and Treaties, happy in his Behaviour and Addresses at Foreign Courts, and lastly, (to crown them all) great in his Personage and high Descent*; when not any of these Encomiums were ever verifi'd; when his Bravery and Magnanimity were illustriously distinguish'd in the glorious Acts of *laying down his Commission*, upon the least Suggestion of a War Abroad. No! such Stuff as this, is a Theme fit only for such sordid Pens as before-mention'd. But the noble-minded Writer, whether *Poet or Politician*, whose Soul is tinctur'd with the divine Warmth of a *Virgil*, a *Horace*, or a *Shakespear*; whose Mind and Senses are too elevated to be sunk into such base Contradictions, will present the World with Labours distinguish'd for their Purity and Elegance, wherein will be display'd the truest Scene of human Life; every Man there, from the Royal Presence, to the Peasant that toils upon the Hill, will appear in his own proper Light and Shade: He will represent a good King as *the Father of Mankind*, and the People under his Care, as the *sole Business of his Life*: He will make him Merciful and truly Just; he will always represent him as one who executes Justice and Judgment without Distinction; when Rebellions rouse his Vengeance, not sparing the High;

to look partial; or missing the Low, to diminish his Prerogative. — Such a Writer, will make such a King ever list'ning to his Peoples Complaints, putting him in Mind that his Establishment depends on their Peace and Affections: He will inculcate impartially his Opinion into his Ears, and timely warn him to repulse Flattery, Adulation, and Sophistry, the Bane of his virtuous Intentions; and *lastly*, as his greatest Perfections, will depict him ever as an Hero in the Field, as an absolute Governor of his Lusts and Passions, and even in these, a more than Conqueror; in disregarding those Vicissitudes of Fortune, which are too often apt to disturb the human Frame, and render him to the whole World an high Example of Patience and Resignation; subduing Nations, swifter than Fame can bear the Tidings, and this only, because he is Virtuous.

But on the other Hand, the *Tyrant* shall find a just Reward from his Writings; his Picture will be represented with all the gloomy Scenes of Rage, Fury, and frantick Madness; and notwithstanding the Tyrant's Threats, and all the various Tortures and kinds of Deaths he utters, shall not allay or pervert the Tenour of such a Writer's Soul; but his Integrity shall be unshaken, and his Pen, in all the Liveliness and Poignancy of Expression, will wake the World to an utter Abhorrence and Detestation of his Reign; he will make him forsaken by all Mankind, and disown'd by his own People, and being deservedly rejected by all, will blot him out of the sacred Annal that, were he Virtuous, would perpetuate his Name to all Eternity. Nor otherwise would such a Writer deal with all the other Classes of Mankind; who run counter to the Principles of Honour, Virtue, or Honesty; he'll trace him who rules a Province with the same Justice and Severity, as him who has but a Rood of Land.

The

The Ambitious, Proud, Covetous, Oppressive, and Perjured Man, the Thief, Adulterer, Flatterer, Buffoon, the silly and dull Coxcomb shall all, from their several Villanies, Extortions, and Foibles, find a just Account in his Writings: But the Brave, the Valiant, the Meak, the Learned, and the Religious Man, shall make a comely figure in his Labours; he shall set off in all the Advantage of fine Thought, and delicate Expression, their several distinguishing Excellencies; he shall tell the World what it is to be Brave, without Imperuosity and Fire; what it is to be Valient, yet forgiving; Virtuous, yet devoid of all Stiffness; Meek, yet rous'd at open Affronts and Injuries; Learned, yet wanting of Pedantry and Rusticity; and *lastly*, what it is to be Religious, without Bigotry and Superstition: These are Topicks of Themes that will always enhance his Pen; his Arguments shall etermize them, and his own Fame, by so doing, shall live to endless Time.

I was so far dipt into Reflections of this Nature, that I suggested to my self a pleasing train of noble Ideas, my Desire was encreas'd to prolong the Conceptions I had formed; I found matter enough for a Volume, and had I been like other Authors, I had instantly put them to Writing; but upon Recollection, I forbote to think further on an Argument so agreeable to my Temper and Genius; and from whence I could have deduc'd many Inferences pleasing to my self, and conducive to the Emolument of others; but waving every Thing of that kind, I fell to considering how the World was taken now a Days, with Appearances, in relation to Writers and Books, never distinguishing between Writing much, and Writing little, how 'twas unacquainted with this Position; that a few Lines pithy, concise, and to the purpose, better declare the Characteristick of a wise and sound Judgment, than the specious show of an hundred

Sheets in one Book. Writers of the first Stamp, show to the Eye, at one View, a neat Picture of their Thoughts, abstracted from all needless Pagantry of gaudy Metaphors, and useleſs Words; their Language is strong, nervous, and brisk; and their Argument close and penetrating; it hits the Soul with a force imperceivable, and the Reader is catch'd in spight of himself. But the opposite Writer, whose Discourse is lengthened with a tedious Repetition of Tautologies, and where the same Thing runs from Page to Page, only embellished with a variety of Words and Expressions, never finds his Account with the discerning part of Mankind; such a Writer may Argue, Inculcate, and Declare, and hug himself up in his Verbosity and Voluminousness; but his Readers are tir'd before he's half perus'd, they stamp at his windy Conceptions, give him over for a Thing useleſs, and at last he feels the merciless Rage of every Grocer's Apprentice about Town.

From what has been already advanc'd, the Reader (if ever these few Thoughts of mine should appear in Publick, which for my own part I never intend) may form an Idea of my Intention herein; my Design was to consider impartially, the great Disease of Writing ill, which in a manner epidemically Infests that Band of Men who appear in Print; and also to animadvert a little on the Dislike which the ——— have for a long time us'd towards those who would have been Benefactors to the Publick in the way of Writing, (I mean in their own Thoughts;) I purpos'd likewise, to set a good and bad Writer in their proper Light, by distinguishing each others Parts and Excellencies. These were the Subjects I was minded to turn upon; but how well I've perform'd already, and how the Sequel may prove, I leave to the candid Reader; only I must anticipate his Patience for a Minute or two, by
a hint

a hint in my own Justification and Conduct herein, before I proceed to any further Matter that is immediately Dependant on the main Subject.

'Tis to be noted, with what Disadvantage and bad Prospect a Writer first makes his Appearance in the World, if he's resolv'd not to Sacrifice his Conscience to the caprice of this or that particular Set of Men; or what's all one, if he's minded, in despite of the World and it's Inhabitants, to expose his Sentiments to publick View, and with a Dexterity answerable to a great Genius and Soul, publish his Thoughts in a way that neither Fear nor Constraint can draw him aside; Yet what are the Antagonists he meets with? Men there are, who out of Contradiction to his Opinion, asperse him; Men there are, who from a Pique to his refin'd Parts (if he be a good Author) traduce, and turn every Thought and Expression of his to his Disreputation and Disservice; Others there are, who from a jealousy of his Merit, if his Works are accepted, and from a villanious Backbiting of his Name, if he chance to become Popular, break his Quiet, and spoil his Tranquillity; others further yet there are, who, when none of the before-mention'd Motives assuate them, I mean, when they are determin'd to be his Adversaries in despite of all Conviction, that his Labours and Edeavours are justly and *Bonafide* calculated for the good Service of his King, and all well-meaning Subjects, yet such Men will draw Parallels from his Works, and make Observations and Remarks quite foreign to what he either thought or meant to speak, they'll pervert the currency of his Language, transpose Words, frame Sentences, that Square and Tally with their own wicked Imaginations: Thus by a curst Fascination they'll bring the Author under the heretical Curse of High-Treason, or the Penal-Laws—And what follows——But 'tis to

be hoped, that myself, beneath the Consideration of any one, who never had it in my Power, or at least who was, and still is averse to throw any Reflections, whereby may be pull'd down upon me Aspersions in any kind derogatory of Truth, Virtue, or Honesty, or who may incur the Displeasure of any the before-mention'd Adversaries ; may in this, sit quiet, without the Misfortune brought upon me of having Constructions fix'd on any part hereof, contrary to the Tenour and true Intent and Meaning of the same ; for as my Design (before-mention'd) is truly good ; and the Intent beneficial to many ; it cannot, nor will ever be supposed by me, that my Country-men (once so fam'd for their Bravery in every Attempt, and steady Integrity in every Action of Life, which noble Qualifications, I hope, are still as conspicuous in these Days) will condemn me in this, who hopes to deserve so well of 'em.

I shall go no further on this Topick, having said enough ; only adding ; That if any Person or Persons, publick or private Foe or Foes, shall, contrary and repugnant to the plain Letter and good Meaning of these Presents, go about to seduce and pervert any honest and well designing Man, whose Opinion and Sentiments are Conformable hereunto, to the Prejudice of me the Author ; such Person or Persons, as above, being duely convicted of the same, shall for every such Offence or Offences be committed into the Custody of D — the Critick, there to remain till he pay a Mulct or Mulcts agreeable to what that Gentleman shall impose on him for the said Offence or Offences, and find sufficient Sureties for his good Behaviour for three Years, to Commence from the Time of his Commitment — But to resume —

The Disregard shown to Learning (I may say all Arts) being so visibly demonstrated in the impoverish'd and naked Circumstances of its Professors ; that a
Poet,

Poet, or any other Writer who employs his Brains for a Subſtance, is as eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the Enſigns of his Habit and Mein, as one of the King's Life-Guard is known by his red Coat and Belt. 'Tis a melancholly Reflection to conſider theſe Two; the Scholar, and Soldier; they are nearly ally'd and related; I mean in the parity of the Bounty of Providence and Chance: Under the Covert of a ſuperannuated Wig, may be contained a Head and Tongue fit to entertain a D ———; Within a red Coat, remarkable for its ruſſet Hue, may be incloſ'd a Soul magnanimous as a M——b; and yet the World eſteems theſe as nothing, they are Men whom God has depriv'd of all manner of Livelyhood; it ſays, and to ſpeak of a Scholar, or a Soldier, is to denounce Poverty and Miſery. —

I'm ſorry the ——— has this Character caſt upon them, of being neglective and unmindful this way; the pittance of a ſmall Sum retrenc'd, in their Expences at *Balls* and *Opera's*, to the indulging a brave Genius, and valiant Soul; would, I'm perſwaded, quickly obliterate the Odium ſo long brought againſt them: Let Merit take place, and the Mask will ſoon be ſhook off; but while Partiality and Intereſt reigns on one ſide, and Venality and ——— on the other; it is to be fear'd, and for very great Reaſons, That the Town will ſtill be peſter'd with Coxcombs and Dunces, and the Army with Effeminate ———

It has been oft a wonder with me, when I've reflected ſeriouſly on this Diſregard and Neglectivenesſ of Men of Capacity; how it comes to paſs, That ſcarce from a ——— of 20000*l.* a Year, to a private ——— of 100*l.* whereever diſpers'd throughout this *Metropolis*, (ſaving a very few Exceptions) but what is retain'd among them a ſtrong Deſire of appearing Wiſe and Learned. When you pay your Viſit to a ——— or ſo; the Chat runs,
ten

ten to one, before you depart, on Intellectuals, and the refinement of Understanding, according to the present Mode; you are instantly convey'd into a Room, whose sides from top to bottom, are adorn'd with spacious Glais Cases, and Shelves of Volumes that dazzle the Beholder's Sight, with a vast variety of gilded Covers; *Novels, Fairy Tales, Fictitious Travels,* and *Voyages*, will strike the Eye in abundance; and perhaps, after a narrow Scrutiny, you'll find a Set of Fathers and Councils; intimating that his ——— has some Religion in him; and aloft, in the utmost corner of the Room, 'tis very probable you'll espy a Collection of *Classicks*, with their several *Glossaries, Commentators,* and *Criticks*; likewise intimating, that their Station there, is the most Commodious; because they are Authors who liv'd in distant Times, and were Sages of Antiquity.

Now this respect to Books, I may call it, from such an Appearance; might induce a Man to believe more favourably of the ——— But how stands it with them in this Case? Why thus; This gaudy Scene of Books, which makes this Appearance, is seldom read; they are like their Horses, seldom rode upon; and like their Palaces, seldom dwelt in; They show a Disrespect to all Parcimony that concerns Externals; Prodigality and Lavishness, in this kind, is a favourite with them; That — is esteemed the most Polite, who can show the greatest variety of Love Songs, and repeat them by Heart. — But the Internal Part, is beyond their care or Thought; 'tis a Burthen to them to think Wisely; but much more to put such Thoughts in Practice: They had rather loll in Coaches of State, revel in Taverns, and play the ——— than draw their Swords in Defence of their Country, or of true Honour, than be Virtuous, Sober, or Chaste: They are Enemies to every good Man, because he's a Satire on their
their

their Enormities, and Foibles: The *Poet*, truly such, who handsomely, without premeditated Spleen, or Rancour, exposes their Ways; who thro' a Motive of Service to his fellow Men, cries down the Abuses which too fragrantly pollute that Stream of Integrity, Honesty, and Love, which should flow thro' a brave People; becomes for his Pains, in such a Business, the ridicule of such Men, the hated mark of their Discourse, and is certainly to encounter all the Hardships of Want, Misery, and Neglect, from them; as the poor Thief is to suffer the fatality of the Gallows, when his Crimes bring him under Condemnation.

I cannot help Thinking, and with a great deal of Reason, but that the disadvantageous Light, in which Writers of all Ranks and Capacities now a Days appear, flows from a Principle quite different from what the World takes it; and that the Averseness, and — Unwillingness in the — of this Nation, to show the least Concernment, or seeming Indulgence to a disinterested good Author, proceeds likewise from a Beginning, every way beneath the Dignity of the human Make — Is any Man, Rich or Poor, afraid to be Wise? or say, Is the scantling of a Sum of Money (otherways too visibly bestowed on Buffoons and Coxcombs) a Scandal or Blemish to the Titles or Reputation of the Great? — Does the Relief of an extensive Genius, oppres'd with Contumely and Want, derogate from the Worth of an —? Does a bravery in Thinking Impartially, and Writing without Reserve, (devoid of all byass'd Views) speak a Contradiction, with the Benevolence and Protection of any great Man? Ought any Man, transported at the Follies of his fellow Men, who out of a Motive of correcting them by genteel and wary Argument, to incur Pains? — I'm sorry for it; — Are Laws Enacted to lay the Truth of any Man's Tongue, when

when 'tis spoken only to depreciate Immorality and the reigning Capriciousness of the Times? — I am sorry for it; — Oh, — How are thy Modern Days alter'd and chang'd, from those of Ancient Time! True Patriotism and Magnanimity were illustriously Distinguish'd in thy Court and Camp; Virtue, and true Honour, warm'd thy Sons; thy Name was dreaded Abroad, and carefs'd at Home; thy Arms were open always to receive the Suppliant and Distressed; the poor Man (if Just) Triumph'd in the Beams of thy Indulgence; and the Scholar never knew the want of one Meal, (if known) he was the first in thy Affections, and thy Peoples Love; he was Honour'd by thy great Men, because he was Honest and Free; he was indulg'd by thy Commons, because he was Affable and Courteous; he was Respected for his Writings, for no other Reason than the Poignancy and Sincerity in them; he was called a Father, because he chastiz'd Vice; he was stiled a publick Benefactor, because every one, Undistinguish'd, participated some good by him. But now — Oh, *Tempora!* — Oh, *Mores!*

Methinks I see the Genius of — standing before me, wan and pale; her Eyes swell in Tears, and her Bosom heaves with big Sorrows; she struggles, and Sighs, and then bursts out in these Accents; — Could I have seen this Time? Could I have believ'd such a Degeneracy would have o'respread my Land, and vitiated my Sons? Once they were famous for their hardy Prowess and Valour; and the Feats of Activity were their darling Characteresticks: But now the Scene is changed; an Effeminate Sloth sheds its pernicious Bane throughout their whole Body; once they were Upright, unerring in their Faith, and Religious; but now the Scene is chang'd; an Universal torrent of Quibbling and Prophaness bears them down;
Faith

Faith is an abrogated Word, and made the Denomination of Madmen and Fools; — The — are wrested to colour Enormities; and Religion is made a Mask for Villany; Texts of Scripture (the most obvious) are canvass'd a thousand Ways, and in as many Senses; the Populace and Multitude, are made Arbitrators in every Divine Case; and every Ale-House is full of Criticisms on the Bible. Once my Sons were Learned, and Solid; their Arguments were productive of every Good, void of useless Sound, and vain Expression; their Discourses were solely intended for the Reformation, not the Destruction of Mankind: But now the Scene is changed; every Thing they write now, is a Picture of their fallen Souls, deprav'd Understandings, and enervated Senses; every publick Piece represented, contains the Promotion of Fools, and is a Satire on the Virtuous, Good, and Unbias'd Man; — Ah me, — a *Roman* Empire once was — and — had once Sense and Courage.

I'm stung with a thousand Darts, (if it were possible) when every the Calamitous Condition of — occurs to my Thoughts; the Reflection displays an imaginary Scene before my Eyes, so Melancholy, Gloomy, and Faint, that scarce a Ray of Light illuminates any part of it: To give a Description would be impossible, (especially with me;) I shall endeavour purely to indulge a sedate Minute or two; and by way of Progression, in these Lucubrations of mine, to discover some Parts of it, being better known to me.

Honour (once courted and sought after in the Days of old) is now become a Prostitute; she has lost all her native Beauties and Charms, and render'd herself Common; — The — Swears by his Honour, when he has no Truth in him; the Merchant calls upon his Honour, when he has no Honesty; and, the Bully

D

maintains

maintains his Honour, when he has no Conscience —; Honour, now a-days, gives a Sanction to Murthers, Adulteries, prostituting Virgins, and Diffimulation. — This is the present State of Honour. — Courage, her Kinswoman, comes next; her Name is fled from the Land, and a dull Shadow has usurp'd her Place; — private Preservation, and a Retirement from every publick Danger, is term'd Courage; Courage now a-days, is distinguish'd in Revels, Fencing-Matches, and silent Bravado's, — a Volly of Oaths, with the Clash of Glasses and Decanters at T — becomes — a Commission, with an Appennage of 500*l*. a Year, is only fit for —, though he never knew a Seige or Battle —; a Lieutenantcy becomes — though his Excellencies are solely display'd at the Masquerade, or my —; These are Marks of modern Courage, and 'tis only *Merit* that flourishes in the Camp —. Honesty, the next rises, she was once cloathed in White; and her Train of Followers, were Meekness, Patience, and Sincerity; but she, with her glorious Retinue, are likewise gone; a faint glimpse remains that would gladly Personate her divine Qualities; but Prevarications, momentary Promises, and a vast multitude of polite Insinuations, swallow her up. — appear'd Grave, and with a steddly Aspect, and the Eye of the World look'd upon him as unerring in his Faith; his Fame and Character, in this way, drew thousands into his Coffers; But how was the World mistaken in him? The general cry now is his Villany and Deceitfulness, and Tears of an hundred Orphans proclaim him Unjust and Unchristian — I could urge this Topick to a greater Length, and in a fairer Light, but considering the unhappy Situation every adventurous Writer stands in, who has a mind to usher his Thoughts impartially; I look with Regret and Reluctance on my self and so desist; only adding one Article, which is Learning —

ing—Learning, with her Accidents and Dependants, made a glorious Figure once, her internal Parts then was adorned with Gravity, Circumspection, and Art; and her external Parts, was serenely Beautiful, devoid of Fopperies, full of Conceptions natively pure and unborrowed.—But in this Age, how are her Attributes mentioned; Littleness, and an impoverish'd way of Thinking and Writing, pass down for current Sense and Wit; she's a waste Place with every Fellow who can hold a Pen; and to shine in Print, has the most rationability in it, to be Wise and Learned;—Thus stands it with Learning now a-days, and the rest of all those other glorious Perfections which but too transparently distinguishes us above any of our Neighbours; appear in the same kind Prospect, were they severally judiciously described; but the Theme contains an immensity of Thought in it, and its Particulars would swell a Bookseller's Shop: I shall leave the Discussion to some Modern, who is more perfectly acquainted with the Humours and Caprices of his Time, than me; and beg to be humbly content with my own Animadversions and Remarks.

'Tis an Experience, and very true, with me, that one Thought is succeeded by, and brings in another; and that a Third, is followed by a Fourth, and so on *ad infinitum*: This Reflection brings to my Mind two very odd Cases, which may be term'd an Inference or Deduction from what I advanced in the last Part of the last Paragraph; They are the Epitaphs of two remarkable Poets which have adorn'd—; the Translation was handed to me from the Parson of my Parish, and I cannot help thinking, but as my self took so great Pleasure in the Copying and Inserting them here, so my Countrymen will owe me their Thanks, when ever they appear in publick.—The first runs thus,——

M-----S-----
Sacred to perpetual Memory.

I ——— M ——— E ———

Lyes here

In future Hope of a blessed Life to come.

In his Life,

He was studious in his Country's good,

Unerring in Faith, and Temperate,

He was Virtuous, Sober, Meek, and Chaste,

And his grave Example reclaim'd Thousands ;

He was Loyal, Free, and Affectionate,

And to crown these god-like Qualities,

He was the greatest Wit, and Scholar, of his Age,

As his many Volumes witness ;

He taught Virtue, Piety, and Charity,

He inculcated mutual Love, and Concord,

He chastis'd Feuds, Rebellion, and all Sin,

Subtle in Argument, Grave in Discourse, and Speaking ;

Thus he liv'd, and wrote ;

But his Precepts were against the Times,

(Though Thousands proclaim'd their Use)

His Life therefore was one Scene of Want,

Misery, and Neglect ;

For he dy'd UNLAMENTED, and very POOR.

M——S

M ——— S

In Remembrance of him;
Stop good **C ———** and cast here thine Eye.

Here lyes Intomb'd

A ——— B ——— Esq;

The Muse's Darling, and ——— Delight,
Happy in the Pompous sound of Rhimes,
But dark in Meaning, and defective in Sense;
He was low of Stature, but his Labours swell'd him high:
Pride, Covetousness, and Spleen,
Revenge, Irreligion, Hate,
Abuses, Immoral Tales, and Words,
Were still the favourite Subjects of his Pen,
And the grand Spur of his penurious Muse.

Riches were his Aim:

For This,

He Writ much, and Publish'd Daily;
(Though scarce a Thought unborrow'd)
Prophane, Ungentle, and Sneering:
He Studied, Mus'd, Liv'd.

His Life

Was ne're remark'd for any Good;
But the Town Admir'd, Lov'd, Caress'd him;
And, by a vast Subscription for his Works,
Confirm'd his Wishes;
For he Died RICH, MAGNIFICENT, and GREAT.

Thus

Thus I have satisfied my own private Desire; and to speak my Sentiments concerning these two different *Epitaphs*, I found a great deal of Truth and Sincerity in them, and a strong Analogy to the present Times; whoever therefore shall compare them with what I have already delivered, (should at any time these Thoughts of mine appear in Print) will see of what Use and Service they were to me by inserting them here. I must, before I close this Paragraph, mention my good *Parson's* Will and Intent of having two curious *Busto's* at his own Charge, with these Inscriptions fixt up in *W—— 4 ——* designing thereby to give the World a living Testimony, that the Spirit of Gratitude, and Generosity to Learning and its Professors, is not quite extinct among his Countrymen; and designing further, That whosoever shall enter into that August Dome, and espy the two Monuments together, (which is his main Intent) may form from thence a just Idea of the meritorious Rewards which —— bestowes on good Poets.

Having premisd thus far, and my Temper (such as described) pretty well e're this demonstrated in the Relation it bears to Wit and Dulness; and that —— which is so visible among the —— of this City; I shall close these few Remarks of mine, with this Pathetick Wish ——

May Thou —— once Queen of Nations and Terror to —— rise and display thy self in those beautiful Lights which some of thy former King's gave thee; may thy Courage and Prowess be as remarkably distinguish'd as in the Days of ——; set those brave Examples before thy Eyes, and imitate their stupendous Exploits; —— rouse thy self from that inactive Sloth which enervates and consumes thy Health; and let thy Grandfires teach and inculcate this Lesson, that the Feasts of Wrestling, and bodily Exercise, carry

carry greater Commendations in them, than a *Ball*, or
 foppish *Dance* —; may thou come to a just Sense
 of thy Fortune and Condition, and make a sober Re-
 flection, that Union in thy People, and Integrity in
 their Hearts, is the sole Basis whereon to build thy
 Peace and Happiness; may thy Jealousies and Divi-
 sions cease, and thy Sons be so cemented in every
 Branch of Goodness, as that not all the Spight of thy
 Enemies, shall be able to dissolve them —; assume
 thy wonted self, and tell the Nations who once own'd
 thy potent Hand, that thou art coming to redeem thy
 lost Time, and that all thy Mistakes in the Field, and
 in the Cabinet, shall be fully recompenced, by a
 more glorious Attempt than ever; and may thou tell
 the World that thy Magnanimity and Valour, pro-
 ceeds not from Bones and Nerves; but that a Solidity
 of Judgment and Sense, temper'd and qualified with
 a Sobriety and Discretion answerable, guides thy Arm,
 and directs thy Blow; may thou appear in every Act
 of thy Carriage and Management, Wise, Grave, and
 Manly; still protecting the Oppressed when Tyranny
 or lawless Power, bows and enslaves 'em, still directing
 thy Vengeance on Perfidy, Dishonour, and Mockery;
 still Vindicating thy own People from all Affronts and
 Injuries; a severe Scourge to all Unrighteousness, Vil-
 lany, and Rebellion, in thy own Land; an Avenger of
 infractiond Faith, Prevarications, and delays Abroad;
 and lastly, a grave Moderator and Mediator in all Dis-
 putes entrusted thee — May thou further, for thy
 own, and thy People's Happiness and Honour, give
 and dispense thy Posts and Employments to disinte-
 rested Souls, who are unacquainted with the Words,
 (*Party and Faction*) may the Scholar (truly such) still
 enhance thy Care and Protection; well observing, that
 as he is a pulick Benefactor in the Usefulness and Good
 which flows from his Doctrines and Arguments; so on
 the

the other Hand, he is one of thy best Sons in the impartial and kind Views he Displays and Sets off thy good and bad Deeds ; May the Name (too long cast upon thee) of Indulging and Protecting the Dull and Underserving — ; and the Neglecting and Disregarding the Worthy Man, from hence-forward be blotted out, by a timely Choice of refin'd Genius's, in the Promotion of them ; may neither Interest, or private Views, influence thy Integrity, to chuse this or that particular Man to subserve some temporary Turn or Advantage ; but may thy Judgment and Wisdom be conspicuous only in this ; That thy self, and all thy Sons in general, may reap Benefits from the Choice thou makes ; this will prove a firm Establishment, and cement a strict Reliance between thee and them ; Thy Honour will then ever bloom and look fresh, and thy Prosperity, Concord, and Union, be imitated by all thy Neighbours ; thou will then be a Blessing to thy self, a Joy to thy People, and the Earth will Smile at thy happy Reign, and Conduct—This is the Wish of him, who from his Heart wishes the Health, Peace and Quiet ; Courage, and Christian Heroism in thy Kings ; Integrity and (before all other Concerns) Honour, and disinterested Love for thee in thy Nobles, and Commons ; May the Notions of private Interest and Advantage reign no more among thy Sons, but may their joint Endeavours, and Services, be centered in one Point, and all calculated for thy true Preservation and Tranquility ; May Peace ever be thy utmost Care ; and destructive War, the last result of thy Council ; but be thou ever on thy Guard, that neither thy Tranquility beget Sloth and Indolence, nor thy passive Temper prove the sad Occasion of Confederacies against the Land abroad, or Rebellion, against thee at Home ; may thy People, from the highest to the lowest, pursue Honour, Love, Virtue, and Integrity ; may He who has the immediate

execution

execution of thy Laws, be religiously strict in an im-
 partial Observance of 'em; may Justice be the sole
 Measure of his Heart, and the pernicious curse of
 Money, never withdraw his Judgment; may he who
 presideth over thy Divine Things, and to whom is in-
 trusted the cure of Souls, be Meek, Patient, and
 Sanctified, imitating the high Example and Pattern of
 his Master; may his Arguments be Plain, Instructive,
 and Sincere, calculated only for the true Understanding
 of the *Sacred Word*, the Abolition of all Vice, and
 the Rectification of Mankind; may his Pen be drawn
 in the Defence of those Tenets, established in thy
 own Land, in despite of all Opposition, and Adver-
 saries; and his holy Function distinguish'd in Acts of
 Charity, Humility, and Religion; may Diversities
 in thy Worship be ever forgotten, and thy Sons, of
 what Denomination, or Name, Perswasion, or Opi-
 nion, be united in Thought and Deed; may thy
 Knowledge increase, and thy Learning multiply, and
 those who are eminent this way, may they meet with
 Rewards answerable to the Good they do; *lastly*,
 may every Thing, contrary and repugnant to all
 these good Things I've wish'd for thee, be extirpated
 and banished thy Land; may Vice and Irreligion,
 in whatsoever Shape or Figure it appears, be chastis'd
 without fear or constraint; every Inadvertency cor-
 rected, every Foible reprov'd, every fashionable Folly
 rebuked; may thy Writers, of all Degrees, be lashed
 for Buffoonery and Nonsense, their mean and low
 Conceptions laugh'd at, and their frothy Arguments
 derided: But may thy Wits (truly such) merit every
 Man's good Word and Approbation, still rise in Fame,
 live Comfortably, and dye Great. As for myself, the
 Writer of these few Thoughts, may thou deal with
 me according to my Deserts, if I have Thought or
 Writ amiss, (being the first Time) use thy Authority
 E over

over me, but be thy Correction gentle on that account ; if I have hit the Mark in any kind, that is, if I have spoken any thing to thy Praise, or Emolument, Reward me ; so will I continue the Tale longer, and this Specimen shall be out-done by the next. A Genius encourag'd, and warm'd by a grateful Benevolence for the Good it intends, becomes actuated with nobler and richer Fires, its Conceptions are more brisk and elevated, and the Topicks or Themes it turns upon, are Grand and Sublime. I leave this Affair to thy modest Consideration, firmly relying on thy intrinsic Greatness and Goodness, not doubting but that one Day or other, for thy Bounty intended for me, I shall display myself thy Warrior, and fight with all the Uprightness of Pen, Ink, and Paper, in Defence of Thee, thy Honour, and Glory.

P. S.

JUST as I was writing the last Line of these Remarks, *Mr.* — the — (an Intimate of of mine) came into my Room, and observing me very Busy in conveying the Bundle of Papers that lay before me from his Sight, he seem'd very importunate to know the Reason why I shou'd conceal any thing (whether of Moment, or otherwise) from him, who had been my Acquaintance so long, and who had it in his Power to do that Service for me, which I cou'd least expect ; — startled at this Expression, but more at the Man's sudden Appearance ; I collected my Spirits, and said, Dear *Will*, don't take it amiss, If I shou'd now say, I do not like your Visit

Visit at this Time ; for my Friendship is as inviolable as ever ; but leave me now, and I'll meet you at Five in Evening, where you shall appoint ; having thus spoken, I found my Words were so far from allaying the Curiosity which he had conceiv'd for seeing what I had been about, that he protested he wou'd not stir 'till I had shown him the Papers I had hid from him ; partly therefore to oblige so good a Friend, partly to get rid of him the sooner, I (with a vast Reluctance to my self, be it known to all) gave into his Hands the Original Copy of these my Thoughts — no sooner had he cast his Eye over the three first Pages, but with an Inspiration, I know not how, he softly said, Ah, *Censorinus* ! — Is it thus you deal with the World and me ? What avails all your Thinking, Poreing, and Writing, if it must lie dormant here, far from the sight of Mankind, Useless, Unknown ? No, I my self will prove a better Friend to you ; for I am to meet Mr. — the Printer in an Hours Time, he shall set these Remarks of yours in shineing Print ; 'twill be an Advantage to Mankind in general, the Reputation and Fame of your self, and the Profit and Interest of my self. — Thus said, he Scraped, and left me.

F I N I S.

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 Profit and Interest of my self — Thus said,
 he scrap'd, and left me.

